

IS AND IS-TO-BE





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WORKS IN THIS SERIES

BY

C. LINARLADA

IS AND

IS-TO-BE

The Divine Child Series

Flowers and Gardens

The Wonder Child

Release

Offering

For Young People

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BY

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

In His Name

What We Shall Teach

The Divine Child Series

Flowers and Gardens

The Wonder Child

Release

Offering

For Young People

I Promise



C. JINARAJADĀSA

IS AND
IS-TO-BE

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C. JINARĀJADĀSA

THE THEOSOPHICAL
PUBLISHING HOUSE

Adyar, Madras, India

Sold by
The Theosophical Press
Wheaton, Illinois

First Edition 1940

Second Edition 1941

Third Edition 1946

SPANISH TRANSLATIONS

San Salvador 1940

Argentina 1942

Cuba 1944

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IF we believe that there is a Divine Consciousness who guides all events, we must necessarily believe that He cannot be satisfied with the world as it is. If every right-thinking man and woman everywhere is already a keen reformer, a million million-fold more of a reformer must God be. He must be planning

all the time to mould this scheme of things, which we call Evolution, into something better, where there shall be no ignorance or misery, no ugliness or degradation.

When our ideas follow this current of thought, we begin to postulate that "life" must be the interaction between two Realities. The first Reality is the World-as-it-is ; it is composed of mankind as they are to-day, with all the inter-relations between themselves and with all

creatures, objects and processes around them.

But there is a second Reality, which is the World-as-it-is-to-be. This is that "Plan of God" towards Perfection of which the Theosophist speaks, the "Arche-typal World", which the Platonists postulated as the basis of everything in worlds visible and invisible.

If we visualize the two Realities spatially, we shall think of the As-it-is-to-be as hovering over the As-it-is, as a magnet

might hover over a pile of iron filings, trying to draw them up to unite with it.

How can we who are placed in the As-it-is get to know the As-it-is-to-be? For then we can direct our course to Salvation unerringly, and save ourselves from many a wandering into by-paths where we fritter away our energies, and reap suffering for ourselves.

Many ways have already been propounded by many teachers: but there is a new way which

only a few have discovered. It is the way of Art.

The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the dancer, in fact every true artist, is one who is impatient of merely stating, in terms of his art, the As-it-is; he is feeling his way to describe the As-it-is-to-be. He is usually not sure what that mystery is, unless he is a very great artist. Then, he is very positive and emphatic, and replies to the critics as did a French sculptor: "Art—it is

that star ; I see it ; you do not ". But most artists are getting merely flashes here and there of that other world.

The artist's message to us of that other Reality must remain for us merely a message, something, that is, of which we hear from another. We can only believe, but we cannot know, as he thinks he knows. Yet until we do know, directly for ourselves, we have not placed our foot on the first step of the stairway to the Reality on high.

That knowledge will begin when we too become artists. But how? That is the problem for each to solve. This much will help us all in our search—that in each of us abides the Artist, who waits to be released and revealed, for God dwells in us and He is the Supreme Artist.

That knowledge will begin when we too become artists. But how? That is the problem for each of us. This much will help us all in our search—

IN what manner can we be conscious that there dwells within us the Artist? For this, however, we must be clear in our minds regarding what constitutes an artist. We have noted that the artist, one whom we call a "professional artist", is feeling his way to describe the World-as-it-is-to-be. In that attempt,

he is assuredly seeking to conform to a standard of Perfection. He may not define Perfection in precise terms ; but every artist is conscious that a Perfection in his art exists, and that what he achieves falls short of it. It is this dream of Perfection which the painter Burne-Jones described as follows : " I mean by a picture a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can

define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild’.

In different terms Rodin, the sculptor, stated Perfection, that Unattainable which the artist tries to attain. A student in his studio once said to him : “ I should die happy if I could accomplish a masterpiece first ”. But Rodin replied : “ No, no ! that would not make you happy, for you would still doubt. One always doubts, always ! ”

This Perfection, the World-as-it-is-to-be, is not so far away from the world of our daily activities that we cannot glimpse it or touch it. We touch it when in some manner we do something that is perfect. And "to do" means to think, or feel, or act. If in some thought or feeling or action we can achieve a perfect thought or a perfect feeling or a perfect action, we have become artists.

Here we must remember that, in art, it is as with flowers. There

are tiny wild flowers, and large cultivated roses, lilies and lotuses. But the perfection of beauty in the tiniest wild flower is not less than the beauty of the most beautiful rose. In music, MacDowell's "To a Water Lily" is as perfect as any symphony of Beethoven, though the former is as one tiny gem and the latter as a coruscation of many gorgeous gems.

In a similar manner, what makes us artistic is not the size or range of our thought or feeling or deed, but its quality,

Between the great love of a great soul and the little love of a child there is no comparison as between their Perfection. Both are perfect, a truth revealed in an Irish seer's words : " True love is like a mountain tarn ; it may not be deep, but that's deep enough that can hold the sun, the moon and the stars".

" That can hold the sun, the moon and the stars". Therein lies the mystery of ourselves. We may be deficient in a dozen

virtues, but all the same there is in us some one virtue which, if we will let it manifest, will flash out in perfection. In a whole lifetime, it may be just that one flash and no more. But during that flash the soul is the artist. There is no more enthralling mystery than that fact, that even in the most degraded of men, a flash of utmost nobility will shine out, given the occasion.

All men and women, who are consciously trying to conform to

a standard of righteousness, or duty, or self-sacrifice, flash out in perfection not once but many times in the course of their lives. An unuttered thought of perfect love or tenderness ; a deed, however slight, or sacrifice ; a struggle, though unseen by any, to be pure and noble ; all these are occasions when the Artist in us proclaims that he has seen the World-as-it-is-to-be. He may or may not later grow into a sculptor or painter or musician, or any other kind of artist, so called by

the world. But once he has revealed himself as the artist, he remains the artist for always, however small at the beginning his capacity for creation or manifestation may be. To see or touch, even if once, the World-as-it-is-to-be is never to forget its existence or nature. "Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home".¹ That Homeland of ours is ever pressing on

¹ Wordsworth.

our imagination ; true happiness is his who will let his imagination lead him to that World-as-it-is-to-be.

III

WHAT differentiates imagination from fancy? For much depends on our knowing the distinction between the two.

A man may say to himself: "If I had a million pounds, I would do this and that", and then build pictures in his mind of what he means to do. But he has not the million pounds;

there is no groundwork of reality underneath the structures which he builds with his mind. This is fancy.

But suppose he looks at the clouds, and notes that with a little effort he can see the outlines of landscapes with hills and plains, or castles, or fantastic creatures of enormous size, or angels with wings spread out in flying ; he is then using the faculty of imagination. For there is a basis of fact, however slight, underneath his mental structures.

Wherever a fact of experience—derived whether from physical contacts, or from feelings, or thoughts—is the basis, the point of departure, for any mental structure, what the mind then builds may either be slight and evanescent, if there is little power of thought or feeling in the process; or the structure may mirror an aspect of Reality, if the imagination is charged with deep thought or feeling.

For the two worlds of "Is" and "Is-to-be" are interwoven,

even in this matter-of-fact physical world, like the lengthways-and sideways-threads which make a texture. In a similar fashion, our normal world of experience is composed of the two universes of the Unreal and the Real interwoven and blended. But just as it is possible to remove one set of threads, so that only the other remains, each thread clear, distinct and continuous, so is it possible to separate the Real from the Unreal. Can we not to-day by a slight adjustment of

our wireless receiver "cut out" a station whose wave-length is interfering with the wave-length which we desire? In a similar manner, a trained imagination can discard the Unreal to commune with the Real.

But for this action to be successful, the imagination must act under the high pressure of accumulated past thoughts and feelings. A man may feel religious, but only on certain occasions and under certain conditions; such a man's love of God or his desire for

Righteousness has only a slight pressure of past thoughts and feelings, for the main current of his past lives has run along other channels. But a deep religious aspiration is the result of much longing and worshipping in past lives. When a man, who is capable of such an aspiration, uses his imagination, there is behind it an accumulated pressure of the past from many a deed of love and sacrifice. It is not then difficult for him to "cut out" the Unreal and "tune in" to

Reality. When imagination has behind it such a pressure of the past, the bridge from the "Is" to the "Is-to-be" is quickly made.

We are helped here by the strange fact that the "Is-to-be" is striving to coalesce into itself the "Is". For the universe is being shaped by its Maker to reflect an ultimate Perfection, the "Is-to-be" which He created at the beginning of time, the Archetypal World. This is that Final Goal towards which all

creation is being driven as by a kind of inner high pressure. It is this direction from within which accounts for those "long range trends" in evolution and for that "arrival of the fittest" which puzzle the biologist to-day.

Furthermore, our Inmost Self, that "I" which can say : "I am He", has its true and eternal life in the Archetypal World. Our descent from it into incarnation is like the dropping down of a ball which is tied by a resilient india-rubber cord to a beam above ;

from the moment the ball drops, a tension is created in the stretched india-rubber, which strives all the time to return to its normal length.

In a similar manner, so long as we live on earth "here below", a Yonder "up above" in the invisible is always tugging at us, to draw us back to its own sphere. For this reason it is that, when our imagination has behind it the pressure of past longings for truth or love or beauty, we begin to contact the

world of "Is-to-be", and find the only solace in life which gives some comfort to our souls.

IV

TRUE and continued contentment is his who sees penetrating through the "Is" some gleams of the "Is-to-be". He may appear as the most miserable of mortals, as the world looks at him ; nevertheless he holds in his hand the Pearl of Great Price.

Nothing can be so repellent to our modern feelings, or so

incomprehensible to our minds, as the incredible self-inflicted tortures of the ascetics in the various religions. To many of us, love and beauty and joy are the means of discovering the "Is-to-be". Yet these ascetics assert that they too are communing with the "Is-to-be", the world of their hopes and dreams.

There is no one and only predestined manner in which the "Is" becomes merged in the "Is-to-be". There are as many

paths to Realization and Blessedness as there are souls. If there is for each soul his type of "Crucifixion", so is there also for him his particular mode of "Ascension".

Yet it is necessary, while a man is being crucified by a concentration of his Karma, that his reaction to his Crucifixion should be *artistic*. What is important for his eternal life is not what he suffers nor why, and not what he enjoys and why, but *how* he suffers or enjoys. Because both

these reactions, the unpleasant and the pleasant, can be either artistic or inartistic ; through both, which are embodiments of the "Is", it is possible, if he reacts artistically, to gain gleams of the "Is-to-be".

The problem therefore is not so much who will teach us Truth, as who will teach us Perfection. Both indeed are as the obverse and reverse of a coin, and neither can be separated from the other. But, according to a man's temperament, and according to the

key-note of the epoch of the world in which he lives, the "Way" for him lies in seeking either Truth or Perfection.

In these days, when myriads of truths of science, history, economics—in other words, of Evolution—are being presented to our minds, what we need to-day for our happiness is less that summation of Right Conduct which we term Truth, and more what we term Perfection. To aim to be perfect, in thought and word and deed, is what leads

us stair by stair up a golden
stairway, till we come to the
topmost stair whence we see
that "gleam, the light that never
was, on sea or land".¹

¹ Wordsworth.

us stair by stair up a golden stairway, till we come to the topmost stair. Vhence we see that gleam, the light that never

ALL can come to the top of that stairway at some time in their life. There is scarcely an evolved soul who has not had some glimpse of that Light. How did it come to him ?

To many a man or woman it came through love. There are many types of emotion described by that word " love ", but there is only one type worthy of the

name, where the loved one has for the time being put on the mantle of Divinity, and the lover bends the knee before the beloved and cries out : " My Lord and my God ! "

To other men and women, the Light became revealed through another type of personality ; a giver of a message concerning God, a Teacher, a Saviour, a Guru, was the door through which the Light shone. Perhaps he was as great as Christ or Buddha or Sri Krishna, or not so

great, like some lesser messenger who moves among us to-day telling us of the Way.

The love of God and the love of a beloved are as the obverse and reverse of a coin ; they are a unity which in space and time are seen as a duality. There are many lovers and devotees to whom the duality still remains ; but there are a few who have transcended it.

To greet the God in the act of loving or worshipping—and what true love is not also true

worship?—is both infinite splendour and infinite tragedy. It is a Crucifixion and an Ascension at the same time. So long as man remains man, even though he comes to the stage of the Perfected Man, a crown of thorns rests on his head. Yet at the same time he knows that he lives in Heaven. What true lover or mystic or saint has not felt as did one lover :

Once there walked in Galilee
One who brought the Godhead
down ;

Those who had the eyes to see,
Worshipped Him on bended knee,
Though of thorns He wore a
crown.

For that you did God reveal—
Since you brought the Godhead
down—

For that I to you did kneel,
Mine the fate past all appeal,
Yea, of sharpest thorns a crown.

The Light has often come to
many a man as he listened to
music. Some one piece of music
will remain with especial illumina-
tion in his memory because,
as he listened, a door seemed
to open for a while, and he dwelt

out of time in Eternity, forgetful of his pain as man, and aware only of an eternal Peace.

This same experience has come to others when among hills or mountains, or by the sea. Sea and mountain, lake or pool, forest or field, a single flower sometimes, open doors to those whose eyes are sensitive to the Light that comes through them.

VI

REMAINS now the problem of remembering always the Light which we have seen once. Because, such is the stress of our Karma and Dharma—what we must bear and what we must do—the “Is” drives away often the memory of the “Is-to-be”. For, the “Is” is ever with us. Yet in very truth the “Is-to-be”

is also ever with us, if only we could be aware of that fact. How, is the problem.

There is only one way : to seek the Highest. In such a type of soul as has been described, there is always an intuition of the Highest. He does not require a teacher to teach him what that Wonder is. For this much at least he can always know with his intuition : it is, what is *not* the Highest. That certainty is sufficient for him at the beginning of his long journey to find the Highest.

The soul who has once seen the Light that never was on sea or land cannot be glamourised for long by the Unreal masquerading as the Real. He may indeed be misled for a while; but he can train himself towards Truth, until such periods of glamour become steadily less and less.

It is necessary for this, that he should be utterly sincere and true. Many a man wraps himself in the garment of his past ideas, and will not cast it aside

though he cries out: "I claim the robe of the future". He thinks he is crying for the Light, when he is only hungering for some splendour for himself glorified by that Light. He is neither sincere nor true, though he firmly believes he is both. Therefore many bitter disappointments await us all, before we know what it is to be utterly sincere and true.

There is one virtue in us which will help us to be sincere and true, if we will but develop it.

It is the sense of nobility. Heroism is inseparable from our nature as soul. Self-sacrifice is the natural current of our being ; that current ought to be running, ever sparkling in the sunlight, through every fibre of our soul's vestures. But our selfishness and cowardice in the past, in the face of the truth within our souls, have forced that current to run deep underground. Yet it runs all the time, deep down in our self. Blessed is that man when Someone comes to

him—a Teacher, a Beloved—to reveal to his unseeing eyes what he truly is, and to remind him of the current which runs in the depths of his being.

VII

HE who knows how to suffer artistically begins to be aware of many a virtue within him, which he did not know existed. Like the plant which pushes its way up from under the ground, because the seed has within it an urge upwards to the light, so is the soul of man. Only let him be aware once of the Light, and

retain its remembrance, then beauty after beauty reveals itself in his soul, just as from the ungainly seed comes forth the beauty of leaf and twig and flower.

He who knows how to suffer artistically knows also how to rejoice artistically. The crudities of reaction to pain or pleasure which characterize young and unevolved souls are repellent to him. He does not despise them, for he knows that once he reacted in similar ways. But he has

outgrown them. When younger souls call to him: "Come and join us, shout and dance and be happy as we are happy", he cannot follow them. He too can be happy, and with them too, if they will let him; but only in his own nobler way. He who has once known the "Is-to-be" can never more bend the knee in homage to the "Is". He can endure it and tolerate it; but he can do no more.

He knows that those who are attracted by the darkness are not

inspired by anything in the darkness itself, but only by some faint gleams of the Light heavily veiled which seek to pierce the darkness. But he seeks the pure undimmed Light, and that Light only. All else for him are shadows.

VIII

THE soul who has precise knowledge (not mere belief) of the "Is-to-be" is aware all the time of a Standard of Truth. A swift intuition gives judgment: "There is truth here, there is error there"; "This is not true beauty, it is ugliness masquerading as beauty"; "This man is fundamentally good though appearances are against him, that other

is corrupt at heart though his acts appear righteous'. And so on, in every situation of life, a flash of intuition directs him.

But his intuition will not always flash out, unless he obeys the laws of the intuition. One of its laws is: If once, after the intuition has spoken, he denies it in action, many an error will be his lot, and much consequent suffering, before he removes the stain from his emotional nature, and the intuition can speak once again.

Life will never be easy for one who has within him the Standard of Truth. For he cannot follow a tradition created by others, nor can he subscribe to their beliefs and standards which go athwart his standard. At all costs he must stand loyally by his standard of measurement. To betray it in the slightest degree is to feel thenceforth crippled in his emotional and mental natures. Nor will the twist which he has thus created in himself be straightened

out, except after much suffering.

To know the "Is-to-be" is ever to rejoice in health of heart and mind. That health must be safeguarded for the sake of others, even if it means that he must stand as one against the whole world. His usefulness in service to the many depends on his being different from them, as possessing a standard more true to Reality than theirs.

IX

AMONG the many eternal possessions of the soul who ever communes with the "Is-to-be" is that for him death vanishes utterly.

When he first recognizes the Light that never was on sea or land, he begins also to discover his own deathlessness. His intense longing to become one

with the Light leads him to realize that his true nature is inseparable from the Archetypal World, that supreme Reality where dwell in immortal splendour those Divine Ideas which are the essential soul of all the beauty, truth and goodness which we discover in the "World-as-it-is".

From this moment the polarity of his life changes. It is no longer "I, this body, and my soul", but "I, the Immortal, and a body, my prison". Each day he gazes at his prison, perplexed

that he, a Divine Idea of the Archetypal Mind, the Imperishable, the Unchangeable, the Unageing, should be saddled with a garment of matter which is perishable, and changes from manhood and strength to debility and old age.

He longs to be free of his prison, but he knows that he must not break it by force, till the Divine Maker releases him. For he knows that Justice rules all things, and that if he is kept a prisoner against his desire—

even after he has known the Light—it must be in order to capacitate him in some way to realize fuller his own Archetypal Nature, when release comes.

So, though the whole world has died to him as the Real, and he lives and moves and plays his role among shadows, he dwells among them in patience, waiting for the call to go.

even after he has known the
light—it must, be in order to
capacitate him in some way to
realize fuller his own Archetypal
Nature, when release comes.

NOT only does death vanish for
him so far as he is concerned,
it also vanishes from all things.
To those eyes that see only the
“Is”, the Unreal, the universe is
a stage where life enters, with
death at its heels in search of
life. Nature ever smiles on all
creatures while they are young ;
but her smiling face is only a

mask to cover the grim visage of death and annihilation.

But when the "Is-to-be" is seen, all changes. The mystery which underlies the inter-action of life and form reveals its truth. Life creates the form out of matter, to serve life's need as the battle-ground for its combats, as the playing-field for its games, as the laboratory for its experiments. When the work is done—of combat, or play, or testing—the life withdraws, and the form dies.

But life has not died; it has withdrawn to its invisible home, bearing with it its fruits of experience and wisdom, there to compare its harvest with what was planned for it by the Shaper of Things. At His decree life returns, to build new forms; they are modifications of the old, but nearer to the "pattern on high".

So, age after age, life enters, retires, and enters again. There is not a leaf that falls to the ground but gives with its fall the

message of its own rebirth presently as a more shapely leaf; each flower withers but only to tell us of its rebirth as a lovelier flower still, revealing yet greater beauty of the Archetypal Flower.

Wherever death appears—of men, women and children, of animals and birds, of plants and trees, of suns and universes—the message is the same, to one who knows the “Is-to-be”. To him there is no death, but only life always, striving ever to reveal lovelier splendours, and using as

its tools matter, form, growth, decay, dissolution and rebirth, in that framework of the Unreal which we call nights and days.

IX

THE discovery of the deathlessness of all things is accompanied by a greater discovery still, that of the Divine Mind which is the framework of all things. One whose emotions have delighted in all that is noble and beautiful senses a mystery in each object which nature fashions. This sense of mystery is

heightened when the object reveals a geometrical design. A flower then becomes more than a mere flower ; for it reveals itself as a window, but to what mystery words are powerless to define.

As a mathematician who has a formula for a given type of equations sees the structure of each equation ; as the botanist in a forest swiftly links each shrub or tree to its family and species in the ladder of evolution ; so the trained imagination

feels that there exists underneath each of nature's creations a geometrical design. When this pattern is sensed, the sense of an underlying beauty is inseparable from the emotion, even where nature in her fashioning has created only an imperfect thing in any particular instance.

When each of the myriads of forms is seen by the eye, an inner eye sees at the same time another order of form linked to each visible form. This invisible form is more than mere

structural form ; it is charged with such an intensity of life that it is as if the form had become so sublimated into life that form vanishes and only life remains.

This invisible form is so exquisite, as partaking of the essence of beauty, that whatsoever is the chief characteristic of the material form—strength, symmetry, grace, rhythm—appears as one revelation of an infinitely-varying Eternal Beauty.

When the object contemplated is a creation of the genius of

man, then Eternal Beauty stands more clearly revealed. A noble piece of architecture like the Parthenon, a statute of Praxiteles, a sonata of Beethoven, all these and the other creations of man in the many domains of art lead us swiftly to a land where Eternal Beauty is before us, though covered with many veils. How-many-soever are the veils, our upward yearning nature feels that it is on the verge of the fulfilment of all its longings. For in very truth we are in the presence

of the Godhead, and know that our union with It is near.

To the wise mind and the pure heart, every object in nature and every event in mankind's destinies reveals an inner framework, where a Divine Artificer who is Love and Truth and Beauty is seen at work. All the evolutionary processes in nature, the migrations of peoples, the appearance and the disappearance of kingdoms and empires, the intricate relations which make our economic and political structures,

all these are seen as the warp and the woof on which a Weaver is weaving a design. Once a vision of that design is seen, the memory of it can never utterly fade.

Unshakable confidence and peace of heart are his whose lot it is to gain even a rapid glimpse of that design, to see that "pattern on high", the Archetypal World. For then he knows past all doubting that, out of the incompleteness of the present, with all its discord and ugliness,

a structure is being fashioned. where, in a day to come, all things—man and bird and beast and plant—will live side by side in joyous friendship.

For He who builds is the Lover of all things, and it is His Will that His all-commanding Love in the "Is-to-be" shall be mirrored in utmost perfection in our world of the "Is", before He brings His work to its predestined end.

XII

ALL the experiences which a soul has acquired, in the course of ages of work and growth, now as man, now as woman, and in every race and faith, are leading him to one sublime Experience—the discovery of Who or What is the Cause of all things. Yet so many-dimensional is that Wonder that words can

only hint at its nature, never reveal it.

Every soul who has come to his goal longs to partake with his younger brethren, who are still treading the Path, the news of what he has found. Some term it God, Ishvara, Adonai, Lord, Ahuramazda, Allah, Amitabha, Law ; others describe it by using the simple word "That". The Father, the Mother, the Being of beings, Demiurgos the Fashioner, Zeus God of Gods, Personal God, Impersonal

Godhead, these are a few among the thousands of names so far used to describe that Wonder. A thousand thousand new names will be used in the future, as millions of souls reach their goal as the cycles pass one by one.

When that great Experience happens, the soul begins a complex existence, now aloof from all, sufficient unto himself, for within him is the source of all truth, love and bliss ; at other times pouring out his heart and

mind to become one with all who suffer, as if there could be no happiness for him until all suffering disappears from the face of the earth.

Though for a while he seemed to be striving to attain to his goal solely for his own Salvation or Liberation, he knows when he has attained it that it was never for himself, but for the sake of all. He discovers in awe-inspiring ways that he is the Champion, the Shield, the Seed-bearer of all Humanity, and that

It is for their sakes and not for his that he has toiled so long.

When at last he comes to his crowning achievement, he knows with joy that every blade of grass, every flower, every tree, all the birds and fishes and beasts have watched his struggles, hoped for him, longed for his success, because they felt dimly that in his achievement lay the promise of their own achievement some day.

He, who has dwelt for so many ages in the "World-as-it-is",

knows that henceforth there is only one Reality for him, the "World-as-it-is-to-be". The "Is-to-be" is for him the fullness of light, and the "Is" mere shadow. But he knows that still for the millions that shadow is their light. He knows that thenceforth wheresoever he exists, on earth or in heaven, in Nirvana or beyond, they too must exist with him. He has become both the One and the Many.

He is now himself the embodiment of Law, Wisdom, Love and

Peace. Eternal Beauty resides in him, whether his garment of flesh reveals that Beauty or not. Look where he may, there is only the "Is-to-be." Each person or thing vanishes as such, for to his eyes there is only its Archetype, an Idea of the Divine Mind. He unites within himself both heaven and earth. Never ceasing to be man, he is at the same time the God, Space, time, causality, good, evil, creation, all these labels are meaningless to him. The Archetypal World is

his Eternal Abode ; his companions are the Gods ; his self is full of the bliss and beauty of the Archetypal Mind, the Self of all that was, is and shall be.

He dwells, holding ever within his heart the world and all it contains, himself a dweller in THAT—He, She, It—which is the Heart of all the Worlds.

September 13, 1940

Printed by C. Subbarayudu at the
Vasanta Press, The Theosophical
Society, Adyar, Madras.

P.I.C. No. 85 for T.P.H. P.I.C.
No. 207—22-8-46